Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lisander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her phantasie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, nosegaies, sweete meates (messengers
Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens:*
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that case.
The. What say you, *Hermia?* Be aduis'd, faire maid.
To you, your father should be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lisander.* *The.* In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her.